

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE WORLD OF ART



"Study of a Head." Etching by Derain, on exhibition in the Carroll Galleries.

Cubistic Water Colors and Drawings Attract Many Visitors to Carroll Galleries—Art News and Comment

WHO shall say that the return of cubism is bad for business? Ask in Delmonico's. They know! There has developed a distinct reciprocity between Delmonico's and the Carroll Galleries. I have seen nice white whiskered old gentlemen and lovely ladies in Persian costumes descend the Delmonico steps after luncheon with every intention of strolling westward and up the avenue, but some invisible force pulls them three doors east and into the Carroll Galleries before they are aware. Isn't that strange?

They stay all afternoon. There is something about modern art that makes the eyes of "lovely woman" shine. She takes to it naturally. Then too it is all so wonderful and so—inexpressible. Thereupon the ladies gesture. The white whiskered old gentlemen are enraptured, with the gesture, and with cubistic art. It is curious how "modern art" excites gesture. That was already noticeable in the great armory show. Now that Persian costumes are universal it is more noticeable still in the Carroll Galleries. In the best Persian costumes motion is absolutely necessary. Repose isn't the thing at all. And gesture above everything else is what we Americans need to acquire.

These repressed, ascetic, unemotional faces that we all wear have been a frightful detriment to our artists and the gentleman who keeps both of his hands in his pockets the while he describes to you the sad fate of his sister's cook, who perished in the latest awful railway accident, should be abolished in the name of art. He never will be missed. How can our artists get a gesture into paint if they have never seen one in all their lives? Miss Bryant should provide a little row of inconspicuous chairs—the kind they supply by the dozen for funerals will do—to be placed along the wall of the rear gallery so that our artists may comfortably study the gestures of the lovely Persian ladies explaining modern art to the nice white whiskered gentlemen.

But of course all this motion, both physical and mental, is exhausting. That's where the reciprocity with Delmonico's comes in. You see, modern art makes one think. The wicked Alfred Stieglitz was laughing the other day at the latest Boston Symphony audience, which at one point in the Sibelius symphony suddenly began to fan its heads with its programmes. The brains in the audience were actually recording sensations. And immediately after the concert had ended it was noticed that every one present rushed out to the nearest Jardin de Tango to get something to eat.

This history repeats itself at the Carroll Galleries. Very few people would ordinarily tea where they have lunched, but under the circumstances, and the sense of genuineness after two hours of modern art being so complete, there is no alternative. Delmonico's is indeed fortunately placed.

But to get down to facts. You have probably seen the cubistic water colors and drawings in the Carroll Galleries yourself and you may wish to know whether I liked them as well as you did yourself. I did. Possibly more so.

I thought the rooms looked very pretty and the spots of color upon the silvered walls had that indefinable air of being smart and important and the real thing, even before the spots were examined in detail. When examined in detail you saw that they are even more the real thing than you had supposed.

Duffy's things, for instance, just opposite the door as you enter. Aren't they charming? And do you know why? I don't. That is, I know why, but I'm not going to tell. I wish the Metropolitan Museum of Art would buy them. They are great. I wish the Metropolitan would buy all of Duffy's. Those cows in No. 29! What liquid and yet what precise color. That's just like

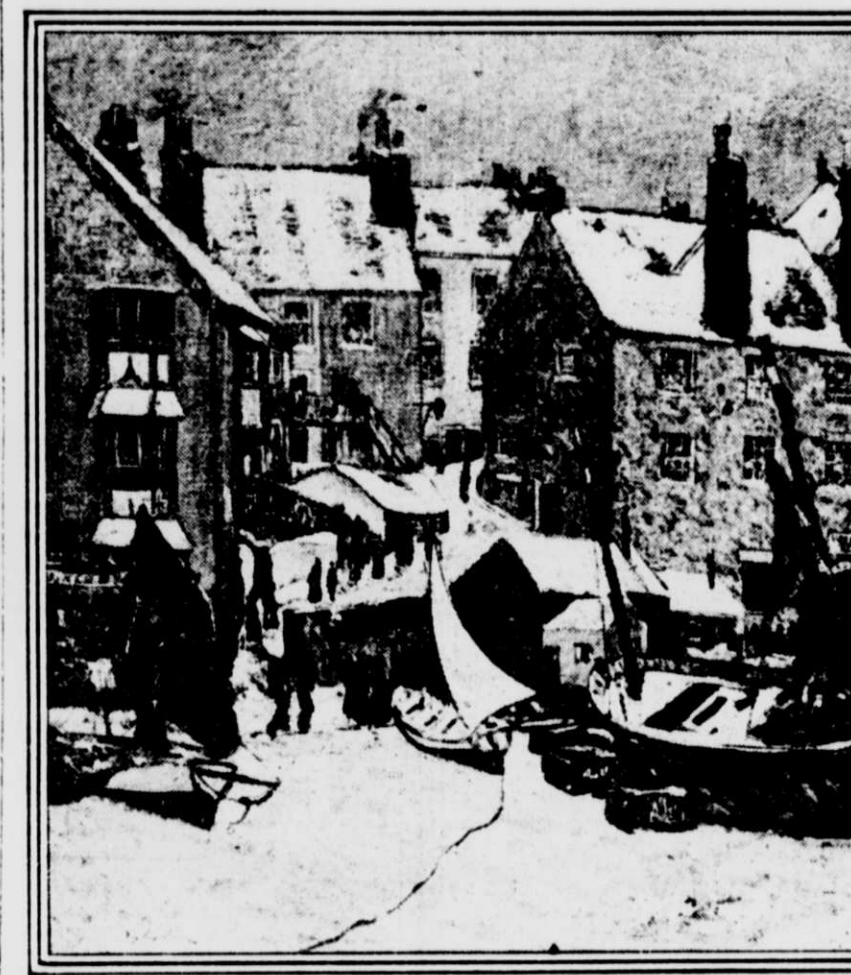
such an unfortunate year, held de Segonzac in great estimation. He was always insisting I must meet him. But first the Avenue d'Antin fell in from curb to curb, during the awful floods last summer, making lots of trouble, just in front of Poltre's establishment, and before that was patched up the great war came upon us.

The "Man on a Balcony," by Gleizes, looks like Jo Davidson. There will be those who will be fond of it for that. Gleizes's "City," "Port," "Football" and "Houses" are matted; interlaced with such energy that they will no doubt always stay as they are. The Villon etchings are not so matted and will not stay as they are. . . . What is the title of that one? It is No. 44 in the catalogue, let's see, it's "La Vierge," by Duchamp.

"What nonsense, what—" Hush, my friend. Les dames persanes peuvent vous entendre. Et ce monsieur avec la barbe blanche nous écoute! C'est difficile d'être précis sur ces sujets-là en anglais, n'est-ce pas? Surtout par ce qu'il y a deux points de vue, le point de vue physique et le point de vue morale. J'espère bien que ce monsieur Duchamp est assez religieux! Mais on n'est jamais sûr de ces choses. Heureusement c'est tout à fait dans le coin. Tiens, les dames persanes! How do you do, Mrs. Billaster. Been admiring your gown for ten minutes. Never dreamed it was you. Liking 'em? "Enormously. I adore 'em. Come along, will you? We're going. The dear baron suddenly feels faint. Most extraordinary, isn't it? It's only a clock, but we all feel faint. Those Dufys are sweet, are they not, although I loathe the cows. They are too fat for their legs, just like those fat cows. Come along and tea with us. Au revoir, Miss Bryant, au revoir!"

When the Anglo-American show came off last summer in London all the London critics exclaimed, "Why, these are not American pictures; they are French!" and they pizined for half a

Two works by Picasso are mentioned in the catalogue, but I looked in vain for them in the show at the Carroll Gal-



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column each over the phenomenon. In the same fashion we are disposed to exclaim at Kallid Gibran's pictures on exhibition in the Montross Galleries. They seem quite French, although Mr. Gibran is Syrian. Not a word about Damascus, nothing even about Beirut. No veiled ladies, no latticed windows, nor awning streets. Instead the artist prefers to speak to us in perfect French of the aspirations of our souls without going into much detail.

He never mentions a particular case. We must be quite inane to the paintings were trouble. One of them he actually calls "Nebula," which is apt, but he should go further and call others of his works Nebula No. 2, Nebula No. 3, etc. The style has been greatly

influenced by that of the late Eugene Carrière, although Carrière had many different messages to convey to us through the mists.

Mr. Gibran's is always the same, the crushed mortal, striving for the doesn't know what, pushing on for an unknown destination and leaning in his bitterest moments upon a female as blind and as hopeless as himself. The pessimism is complete. Not a ray of light anywhere. One might recognize this mournfulness as something Oriental, were the technique so French.

Mr. Gibran paints in refined though repressed colors and his figures and landscapes show a pleasant sense of touch and an adequate feeling for form. The composition is, like the subject, constantly repeated. The two or three figures welded into a sculptural mass in the center of the picture are surrounded by wide stretches of sad countryside, usually of lonely hills. It would seem as though this artist were possessed, as we say, by some gloomy feeling that he was continually striving to shake off into the canvas, and never satisfactorily to himself and hence was obliged to continue and continue until success should crown his brushes. The work on display is certainly sufficiently earnest to make all visitors sympathize with the artist in his pursuit.

Strangely enough the roomful of drawings are not so well drawn as the paintings. Mr. Gibran has done Rodin, Debussy, Rostand, Sarah and Henri Rochefort in Paris and Ruth St. Denis, Percy Mackaye and Paul Bartlett among others of our celebrities. None of them is well done. The likeness is there, but hardly there. Paul Bartlett, for instance, who in real life has such terrific energy that he seems like an alarm clock about to go off, in this drawing seems like a clock that has run down.

were stored in collars and most of the men connected with the Galerie Leveque went off to the war. The paintings have now been shipped to this country, and the Burroughs paintings will be shown in the Montross Galleries, beginning January 2.

Charles Gardiner of the Galerie Leveque is now in New York. A letter recently received by him gives an amusing description of the difficulties of shipping the pictures:

"As soon as Barba received your letter he sent me word begging me to take up the matter of the long drawn out and unfortunate ending to the Burroughs-Lawson exhibition. And I assure that in war times it is not an altogether easy affair to manage the shipment of anything to the New World.

"At first, the packer said he no longer had the cases, but after some effort on my part, they finally found them. Then it was discovered that the said cases were in deplorable condition, so that they had to be repaired and some of them totally remade. Believe that I did everything possible, not only to be agreeable to you, but that the charges to the artists should be minimized as much as possible.

"Several other reasons have retarded the shipment; for example, the lack of workmen at the packing house, and increased time for the work, which makes the cases miss the boat that takes this letter. Then too I hunted like a crazy man (comme ce schizumaker Ker! de Guillaume le Hardi) for some guy to insure the two shipments against the risks of war whilst in transit to Havre. Impossible! They would only insure for the ocean voyage. But I decided to send them quand même.

"Of the works of Burroughs I am sending twenty-two paintings and twenty-three drawings, keeping here the five works by him and three by Lawson that were sold. Apropos of that I beg you



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to remember me heartily to M. Burroughs and with my best compliments.

"No news from De Blives since November 17, but he was well at that date. We suppose him to be in Belgium. Gregoire and Gaston (the two porters of the Galerie Leveque) are also at the front. This last writes that he has just "zigouille" la palissade, a tris aboche, which makes three less of them at any rate. (That's terrible slang meaning that Gaston has just done for three Germans.) "You must tell M. Burroughs that we have just heard that Andre Dénarrois has been seriously wounded."

Andre Dénarrois, mentioned in the above letter as among the seriously injured in battle, is a young French artist of promise who was sent to this country last spring by his Government to make a study of the Morgan art collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. While here he made a study of some of our artists as well, and as a result he wrote charming and appreciative accounts of the work of Messrs. Burroughs and Lawson for the catalogue of their Paris exhibition.

One of the most successful of modern painters in color is the Lithuanian artist, T. F. Simon, who is well represented in an exhibition now in the Keppel Galleries. It includes etchings in black, sepia and in full color, drawings in crayon and pastel, and many water colors, all of which display the same excellent qualities. The color prints of Mr. Simon take precedence over the rest of his production, as in them he has proved himself a particularly good workman and an innovator.

The confidence he has in his technique in this little understood method of printing is shown by the fearless way in which he exhibits his study from nature and his finished color print side by side. It is quite apparent, when the sketch and print are thus compared, that Mr. Simon can come extraordinarily close to the intended effect in his prints. The ordinary layman might find difficulty in distinguishing which is which, in fact.

Color printing as an art has had a long history, and consequently has had its ups and downs. The famous Japanese production came to a splendid height and then died away. Even the present day Japanese, clever as they are, cannot make comparable prints from the original wood blocks, many of which still exist. The prints of Utamaro and Harunobu, however, are always in the minds of present day exponents of color printing, sometimes too much so.

This cannot be said of Simon, however. His color paintings are among the few to which the term "color etching" does not seem an anomaly. Even in supposedly flat tones he gets a quality that suggests etching, rather than mezzotint, lithography or other processes. How he gets this he does

not confide to us in his account of his method printed in the preface to the catalogue, and of course he is entitled to his secret. It is evident that he was to hand over his plates to an ordinary color printer the latter could no more print off Simon's effects than could a present day Japanese print adequately from the blocks of Hokusai or Toyokuni.

"Most color prints," he writes, "are produced by means of several plates; it may be three, four, or six; and I am of the opinion that this use of several plates insures the best results, particularly in regard to richness of color and harmonious combination of tone. An even tone on any color plate may be obtained by the use of aquatint.

"A second method involves the use of three separate plates, one for each of the primary colors. In the former method the inks for complex tones, such as browns, greens, etc., are mixed by the printer before being applied to the plate, whereas in this latter method these complex tints are built up on the plate from three primary colors.

"I often use three or four plates by the former method when the effect requires it, but I always reserve one plate (the last one to be printed) for the outline. This serves to hold together the principal planes of color and to systematize the drawing."

In connection with the Picasso exhibition in the gallery of the Photo-Secession, Mr. de Zayas, the distinguished caricaturist, has arranged a display of some rare specimens of primitive Mexican art, of which he has made a study. Speaking of them he said:

"Among the primitive arts which are gradually becoming better known to us, through excavations of ancient centres of civilization few have revealed such remarkable examples as the ancient Mexican arts. Notable collections, besides the one in the National Museum in Mexico city, are displayed at the Museum of Natural History in New York city, the Peabody Museum of Cambridge, Mass., and the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

"Few examples are accessible to private collectors outside of Mexico, owing to the stringent rules of the Mexican Government, which in order to preserve its national treasures, prohibits the exportation of Mexican antiquities. These legal obstacles are supplemented by a popular superstition that when statues of the ancient gods leave the country bad crops and calamities are sure to follow.

"The examples here shown belong to the Nahuatl and Aztec civilizations. Nahuatl is the name given to a group of tribes akin to the Pueblo Indians, probably coming from the north. The principal tribes were the Toltec of Tula, the Olmeca and Totomaca of Vera Cruz, the Zapoteco and Mixteca of Oaxaca. The Nahuatl were later supplanted in the Valley of Mexico by the Aztec, another tribe coming from the north, who ruled in Mexico city at the time of the Spanish occupation (1519).

"The examples of the work of the ancient Mexicans date prior to the Spanish occupation owing to the restraint subsequently imposed upon them by the missionaries who had come to convert them to a new faith.

"Although they worked to some extent in metal the early Mexicans may be counted as belonging to the stone age. They were surpassed by none in their treatment of stone, not even by the Egyptians."

The Maison Ad. Braun et Cie has placed on view fifteen new etchings of Henri Deville lately received. Mr. Deville is the young French etcher whose etchings of New York views, when issued as a supplement to THE SUNDAY SUN last Easter, made so pronounced a success. The new etchings show he has made great progress. His plates have varied richness and color, and the subjects found in France are charming. Among his most striking successes are his views of Nantes, his Madeleine Bridge, Sanvictor Bridge and his Market Day at Quimper. The special brilliancy of some of the impressions is not surprising in view of the manner of their printing. A letter from M. Deville to Mr. Ortiz of the Maison Ad. Braun et Cie says:

"I am sending, hoping they will reach you in due time, a few proofs of each of fifteen new plates. I hope that you will like them. For I must say that I am myself quite pleased with the results. Not knowing where or how to print them I bid Leveque grant me the privilege of using his press, to which he assented with characteristic spontaneity. Thus it is that every proof I send you was printed on the great master's own press, with his own ink, in his own atelier."

"What a press! It seemed fairly animated with the great artist's talent, and to place his imprimatur on my modest endeavors! And after thorough examination of each proof I am convinced that never before have I obtained such satisfactory results. I trust, therefore, that you will receive them with due reverence, for, as you see, they have a life. I am almost tempted to wish that they reach you too late for your prospective exhibition, and that most of them will be left over so that I may return to their possession when I return to New York, whenever that may be."

"I can see you shrug your shoulders in disgust as you read these words and utter under your breath 'poor fool Deville!' He will never have a grain of business sense! I can hear you say to your friends that I am the most disconcerting phenomenon that an art dealer could possibly deal with. Go ahead! Abuse me all you will, but believe me, as ever faithfully yours, "HENRI DEVILLE."

A joint committee from the Society of Beaux Arts Architects and the Society of Mural Painters announces an interesting scheme of competitions for mural decorations. They have obtained permission from the proper authorities to offer certain wall spaces in some public

buildings for the purpose of mural paintings and it is the intention of the committee to issue, during the coming year a series of programmes for such work as a means of promoting skill among students and of affording painters a means of expressing themselves in mural painting. Those who wish to compete are requested to write to Charles Morrison, 101 Park Avenue, before January 1 for programmes, photographs and blue prints.

The first competition will be for a scheme for the decoration of the vestibule of the De Witt Clinton High School, New York, which is excellently adapted by its design for such embellishment. There will be two competitions for each work. From the preliminary competition the committee will select a number of designs for the final full size competition for the actual execution of the lunette. There is no remuneration attached to this work, as it is organized only to give practice to those desiring it. The committee has the assurance, however, that the winning design will be put in place subject to the approval of the jury and of the art commission.

The committee is William Emerson, N. Taylor, Lloyd Warren, Frank P. Fairbanks, Charles L. Hinton and Robert G. Ryland.

Johan Waldemar von Bellinghousen, a Danish miniaturist who has been having an exhibition in the Reinhardt Galleries this week, was originally intended for the life of a country gentleman and passed his examination as master of agriculture in Copenhagen in 1899. Soon after that he took up the career of an artist and has devoted a great deal of his time to miniature painting, having had many distinguished sitters. Among them was Prince Hans of Glücksburg, whose portrait was undertaken at the request of the Duke of Cumberland, a niece of the Prince. Among his American sitters have been Mrs. Theodore Pratt and Mrs. George Dupont Pratt, Mrs. Anson W. Burdett and Mr. and Mrs. Chester Williams Chapin.

The landscape window just completed by Louis C. Tiffany for his home at Laurelton, L. I., the private exhibition of which has been held at the Tiffany Studios, has created interest which rivals that shown in the glass mosaic curtain executed for the Mexican National Theatre. Admiration is excited not only by the beauty and design but also by the depth and brilliancy of the wonderful coloring of the window itself.

Some idea of the skill and labor expended will be realized when it is known that no point whatever has been used and that the realistic effect of brilliant flowers and varied hues of the jolly peacock were obtained by the use of Tiffany's favril glass which was specially prepared for the purpose. The same is true of the shimmering waters in the pool, the ripples of which seem to dance in the rays of the sun that stream through the overhanging foliage.

The whole scene is so natural and so faithfully portrayed as to warrant the unstinted praise which has been accorded Mr. Tiffany on his remarkable achievement.

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Art Notes appear in The Evening Sun Tuesdays and Fridays, closing at noon the day before—Advertising rate per agate line, 30 cents.

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ART NEWS AND COMMENT.

THE exhibition of the paintings of Bryson Burroughs and Ernest Lawson in the Galerie Leveque, Paris, came to a premature end with the outbreak of hostilities, the pictures